

A ONE TIME RESIDENT WRITES

Strange how a newspaper hunts out almost forgotten persons, who at one time or another were well known in a community, but who have moved away from the old home locality and gone out into the world, only to come to notice again, perhaps years afterward, through some little coincidence.

Such is the case with the writer of the letter below. Years ago a resident of the Linden neighborhood, it has been a long time since he saw Atchison county. But through the receipt of a recent copy of The Journal he is reminded of the old scenes and his letter is the result. In this case it is J. Howard Moore, and from the letterhead he uses we note that he is in the Department of Ethics of the Crane Technical High School, Oadley Avenue and Van Buren street, Chicago.

This letter should interest all of our readers.

Chicago , Ill. , March 15, '16

Dear Editor:

It has been a long time since I saw a copy of your paper – till today a copy came, containing an account of the death of my old friend and teacher, D. A. Quick.

How full of changes are the years! Time brings everything around. How strange and far off seem the years of boyhood. I knew Mr. Quick well. I have known him since I was in my early 'teens. More than anyone else he induced me to go to college. And I shall always feel grateful for this, for it changed my life. Mr. Quick was one of the noblest, truest men that ever lived.

I suppose very few persons in Atchison county remember me now. But it was just seven miles northeast of Rock Port , on the banks of Rock Creek, that I lived boyhood's fadeless years. I was a student in the Rock Port College and Normal School, which lived for one year in a rickety old rooming house on lower Main street , some thirty odd years ago. Mr. Quick was one of the teachers and the life of the school during its brief but immortal career. It was during this year that D.A. Quick wooed and won the beautiful Fannie Templeton. I knew a good deal about it, for I rang the "college" bell for my room rent. I shall never forget that bell. Every time I rang it it turned over, and every time it turned over I had to climb up on the house and turn it back again.

I wonder where they all are now – those beings I used to know there in the blessed years gone by? I notice the name of Henry Boettner in your paper. I wonder if that is the Henry Boettner who used to live back of Linden by the edge of the great wood where we went along on the way to the "timber", years and years ago. If it is tell him I forgive him, for the years have given me understanding. He was a little older than I was, and used to nearly scare me to death when I first

started to school by starting toward me and telling me he was “going to eat me up.” I shall never believe anything more sincerely than I did that awful declaration of his.

Who lives at Linden now, I wonder? Are the Klauses all gone? And the Carpenters? Where is John Hopkins, my cousin, who used to pick hazelnuts with me on his father’s farm on High Creek? Does the little old church still stand in the village square, with the hitching posts around it, as it did in the barefoot days away back there? Does the fennel scent the roadside airs as it did forty years ago when we drove to church on Sunday mornings in our farm wagon?

I sit here tonight in this great city and think back along the years. Life is so full and so different now – full of teaching, writing and problem solving. But, oh, those precious memories away back there in the morning! The prairies are gone, where we used to gather wild strawberries and tiger lilies, but the old school house still stands, I am told, where the High Bank lifts its formidableness above the singing stream.

Phantoms of the past! Friends and companions of boyhood’s dreamy days! Greetings! across the sands of the fast-flying years.

J. HOWARD MOORE